FUNERAL SERVICE OF GEORGE SMITH, HELD AT
THE STAKE TABERNACLE, HEBER CITY, UTAH
ON THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1943.

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BISHOP HEBER RASBAND: My dear brothers and sisters, we have met at the funeral services of Brother George Smith. Before leaving home the family prayer was offered by Brother Moroni Moulton. The prelude music has been played by Sister Vera Rasband. The opening prayer will be offered by Brother Henry T. Coleman.

BROTHER COLEMAN: Righteous and Eternal Father, we humbly bow our heads at this time in reverence and respect to one of our departed. To one who has been a faithful son, who came here upon the earth to fulfill the mission of his creation, to serve Thee and to serve his fellow-man. While we are thus together, Heavenly Father, may Thy spirit be with us in rich abundance; that we may turn our thoughts to Thee for the purpose for which we are here upon the earth.

Grant us, Heavenly Father, a rich portion of Thy spirit to attend those who address us, that they may bring things to our mind that will be beneficial, that will help us to more fully serve Thee and keep Thy Commandments.

Bless those who are bereaved. We know they appreciate the faithful labors and the loving care of this, their father. May that be a guiding star in their minds, to lead them on to more righteous living.

Help us, Heavenly Father, to be as well

prepared to meet with Thee as this, our brother. For I am sure that when he goes into Thy presence that Thou will say, "Well done, thy good and faithful servant." For we, as his neighbors and brothers and sisters, testify unto Thee, Father, of his worthiness, of his devotion to duty. He was always up and doing. Bless us that we may follow in that path. May our minds be turned unto the labors that are for us to do. May we also be prepared.

Heavenly Father, if it be Thy will, may peace sweetly come to us, that we may again may be able to more fully serve Thee; that we may have pleasure in life; that we may live according to the plan that Thou hast laid for us to work to.

Bless us now with Thy spirit, that we may go from this building, that we will be more determined to serve Thee, more determined to be our brother's keeper. Help us, Heavenly Father, to be friendly and neighborly, as has been this brother's attitude in life. May we, as the oncoming generation, follow in his footsteps. Bless us, Father, that there will be peace and comfort come to us. We humbly pray, in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

BISHOP RASBAND: A mixed quartet will sing, "High on the Mountain Top," which was one of Brother Smith's favorite songs. That will be followed by the first speaker, Brother William L. Van Wagoner. He will be followed by Brother L. C. Montgomery. Then a duet by Marjorir Probst and Blanch Anderson, "Oh, My Father," another of Brother Smith's favorite

songs. Then Brother Abe Turner will speak, followed by Brother John H. Price.

(At this time the quartet sang: "High on the Mountain Top.")

(The talk by William L. Van Wagoner was not transcribed.)

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BROTHER L. C. MONTGOMERY: My dear brothers and sisters, I feel rather humble in following Brother Van Wagoner this afternoon, and of occupying this position. I trust that I may have the influence and the interest of your faith and prayers while I stand before you. I shall try to correlate the few remarks that I have prepared to give on this occasion with the remarks of Brother Van Wagoner, who gave us some very wonderful scriptural doctrine regarding life - life here and life hereafter. The remarks that I make will deal largely with our condition here upon this earth. They will take into account a part of the life history of George Smith, whose funeral we are holding here this afternoon.

Perhaps it is more than a mere coincidence that exactly fifty-three years ago today the funeral services of George Smith's first wife was held in Charleston. I see Brother Daybell here today, Brother John Price, and perhaps there are others who attended that funeral. On that occasion Brother Smith was left with a family of small children. One infant, I think it was Sylvan, who is here today, had been born but a few days prior to the death of his mother.

It is another coincidence that eight years ago last Monday the funeral services of Sister Mary Moulton Smith, the second wife of Brother George Smith, was held in this hall. On that occasion I had the privilege of being present and bearing my testimony to the worth of that good woman. In checking over my notes, I find I could now repeat about half that I said there, and it would be very appropriate on this occasion.

For two-thirds of a century, the name of George Smith has been favorably known to almost every man, woman, and child in this community. It has stood for loyalty, industry, and community improvement, and much of the development and improvement of the roads, public buildings and public enterprises of this county have been associated with that name.

George Smith was a strong, power ful character. He was not a wishy-washy individual, who could be swayed one way or another by flimsy argument. He was typically English, which meant that he had a fixed opinion and a very rigid determination of thought and action. He was a devout partisan in politics, and a most patriotic citizen. His religion came first and foremost in all his thoughts and desires. He was a devout believer in prayer, and he himself prayed constantly. During his life, and particularly during the young period of his life, he was rather venturesomein business. He took chances wherever there was the least possibility of succeeding; and his energy, judgment, and determination usually found him on the winning side, although in some instances I dare say he

suffered financial disappointments.

His life history reads somewhat like an exciting novel. I have occasion in my life to study the life history of many of our old pioneers. His life history forms a very interesting biography. And any of us who were inclined to try, could find very interesting stories in the life histories of many, in fact most, of our veteran pioneers. I have also thought this: How well do we know our next-door neighbor? Do we know sufficient of the details of his life that when he finally passes away, and some of the history of his life is related at his funeral service, it is surprising to us? I dare say it is. When I have been handed bits of life history of pioneers from which I might prepare a few remarks for a funeral, I myself have been surprised at the extent of their life. And no bit of history has ever surprised me more than the life history of this man's good wife Mary Moulton Smith, a sketch that the family prepared and handed to me. Her suffering as a young girl, the hardships that she went through for the gospel's sake, would make fascinating reading if it was written even into a novel. And that is the situation that we have on this occasion. Brother Smith's family handed me a few hurriedly prepared sketches of his life. I have read it and I am again surprised and astonished at the extent of his life, at the hardships he has gone through, principally for the Gospel's sake. I shall read a bit of that history that has been handed to me by the family. I dare say to most of you you will likewise be somewhat astonished.

George Smith was born January 8, 1852 in England, a son of William and Eliza Smith. He had one sister, three brothers, and five half-sisters and brothers. At the age of nine years he quit school and went to work to help maintain the family. He was placed out with a family of farmers in England to learn the occupation of a farmer - worked his apprenticeship, which was the custom in the old country. He has a certificate of honor showing that he worked for this farmer for nine years without missing a single week's work. That apprentice-ship shaped his entire life, as you will see when I read on. While working on this farm for this farmer he came in contact with a young lady by the name of Hannah Louise Turner. She belonged to our church, and in due time he went to church with her and heard a missionary preach. By the way, this missionary was George Barton, who lived in Midway, Utah, and who was then on a mission in England. On the 6th day of June, 1871, he was baptized into the church. The ceremony was performed in a large bath-tub, on account of the fact that the saints were severly persecuted when they held public baptismal services.

On August 3 of that year he married this Hannah Louisa Turner. Bear in mind this is all brought about through the apprentice-ship work for this farmer. This girl lead him into the church from the farmer's house. On the 22nd day of October, 1871 he left England for America. His only earthly possession being a large feather bed, which he carried on his back to the railroad station, a distance of several miles.

George Smith's mother died one year before he joined the church. She belonged to the Church of England. His father and his father's brothers were very bitter against Mormonism. An Uncle told him he would sooner see him die than to come to Utah with the Mormons. All of these arguments and threats did not change his course in life, but sealed and clinched his testimony of the divinity of the gospel that he had espoused.

He arrived in New York that Fall, came direct by train, reaching Ogden in November. He had exactly five cents in his pockets when he arrived there. He used that money to buy a loaf of bread.

He and his wife stayed with relatives in Ogden for a few days, when Uncle Nymphas Murdock of Charleston sent word to Ogden that he would like to hire an emigrant farmer to come to Charleston and feed the cattle. Brother Smith had that preparation to accept that position. So in December P. A. Murdock, of this town, moved Brother Smith and his wife to Charleston in an ox drawn wagon. They lived with Uncle Nymphas Murdock for about a year, when they bought a little home of their own.

It was not long until George Smith owned more than one hundred acres of land in Charleston. He later homesteaded a tract of land on Daniels Creek where the Lawrence Anderson home now stands, which land he sold to Miles Batty for one hundred dollars in cash and a shutler wagon.

Brother Smith then commenced a business of

buying and selling farm produce. He bought produce and live-stock from the farmers of the valley and peddled the same off in the mining camps and in Salt Lake City. He bought butter, eggs, veal, beef, grain, in fact anything the farmers had to sell. He made a trip a week to Salt Lake with butter from the Charleston Creamery, and never missed a trip for five years, traveling through all kinds of weather, and often making his own roads. He later formed a partnership with Heber G. Crook and Thomas Clotworthy and organized a meat market in this community. Later he bought them out.

In 1895 he moved his family to Park City, where he conducted a successful meat and grocery business for years. While there he served as Mayor of Park City, County Commissioner, and Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners for Summit County. He also served in several church capacities, including the High Council of that Stake.

In 1911 he moved back to Heber City and opened up a meat market just west of the present Wave Publishing Company on Center Street. Since returning to Heber he has served on our city council twice. He has acted as inspector during the construction of many of our modern buildings, including the Wasatch High School, and many other structures in the county. He also served as chaplain in the Utah State Senate. Many outstanding instances appear in his life's record which tend to show his capacity, his intelligence, and his ingenuity. On one occasion when it seemed impossible to raise a dollar from any source, Brother Smith went to Springville

and bought nine hundred dozen eggs and a wagon box full of oats. He put a layer of oats and then a layer of eggs in the wagon box, and hauled them to Park City on a bob sleigh in the middle of the winter. He sold both the eggs and the oats at a handsome profit. A snow slide in Provo Canyon almost claimed his life on this occasion.

On another occasion he bought two hundred hogs in this valley and with the help of two small boys, drove them to Salt Lake City and marketed them. And John Simmons, who is here today, was one of those boys. It took ten days to drive those hogs from here to Salt Lake City, the only instance of trailing hogs that I have in mind in this state, although it was quite commonly done in England, and I presume that is where he got the idea.

This man's life is full of such instances. He has never missed an opportunity to make a dollar and thus provide for his large families. George Smith was a family man and loved his families. It was always a source of regret to him that his people in England cast him out when he joined the church. After he had been in this country for nearly forty years, he went back to England in company with Uncle Nymphas Murdock to visit his folks. His father and his brothers and uncles were still alive. At first they refused to acknowledge or identify him. They said he was not that small thin-faced boy who had left England in 1871; that he was an imposter who had come back to deceive and lead them into Mormonism. He was only successful in proving his identity to one member of

of his family, an elderly aunt, by singing a song to her that she had taught him as a small boy. And after he had sung that song to her, she then believed that he was in fact George Smith.

George Smith's family all loved and respected him. I am certain that you will all agree with me that you have admired the way his boys have taken him around with them in their automobiles to the ball games and places of amusement, and about town, and especially since he has been unable to walk well. And too much credit cannot be given his daughter Luella Crouse, who has stayed with her father for the past four years and has taken such good care of his home and him, at a time when he needed that care so badly.

These children, and particularly these boys, have lost a wise counseler in the death of their father. Our community has lost a highly respected and greatly beloved citizen, and one of our faithful pioneers. Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of his life was his undying loyalty, loyalty to his country, loyalty to his church and his God, loyalty to his friends and his family. George Smith never grew old in mind. He died 91 years young.

May we cherish his memory and remember him as an example for which he constantly stood for in this community, is my humble prayer, which I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

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(At this time the duet sang, "Oh My Father.")

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ABE W. TURNER: You who are near and dear to our friend, let me say that when I went to the home and went to look upon the face of George Smith, I was touched. Touched as I am seldom touched. And then when I heard the things said by Brother L. C., and I heard this hymn, I again was touched.

I might endorse everything that has been said and say amen. But I feel honored in being asked to speak on this occasion. I feel that this request is the acknowledgement of a precious friendship, and I feel it an honor and a duty to pay my tribute to my brother. The meadows are green in this valley, high among the hills, where Uncle George Smith chose of all the world to make his home. And a thousand times, yes a million times, has the first rays of morning touched the mountain tops in crimson splendor, proclaiming the glory and power of God. And as was he, I too am rather biased in favor of this valley, and the people who have made their home and who now reside here. I know of no place on earth where the sunshine is brighter. I know of no place on earth where fields grow greener, or streams run more crystal clear. I know of no place on earth where the handiwork of God is in greater evidence than in Heber Valley. The land I love, my native land, and I can't think of terms too endearing of it. I know that the people of this valley have been inspired and benefited by the evidences and the manifestations of the glory of God. And they have been touched and benefited, just as the spirit and the soul of this

good man was touched by these evidences here of God. And these benefits of inspiration that touched George Smith reverberated from him to all who worked with him and to all who came within his touch.

It was twenty-five years ago when I first became acquainted with this man. We were neighbors. Neighbors when I was first establishing a home. He lived across the street, and I got acquainted with him as a neighbor, and I learned that he was kind, friendly, considerate. But then Brother George Smith to me was an old man. He was just about sixty-five, and I was just on the threshold of active life, and I couldn't realize that we could have much in common. Then, as it so often happens, circumstances changed the picture. We two were elected to the City Council of Heber, and there we were chosen to work together, and there we met as city dads. When we got better acquainted, before meetings and after meetings many times we discussed matters of politics, religion, the ills of the earth. And it is almost strange to say that in almost no time this man and I understood each other. We had reached the first prerequisite of friendship. Almost in no time the barrier of years faded away, and I have never thought of this man since then as old.

We often talked, and I remember on one occasion, an occasion I will never forget, he turned and he said, "Abe, I want you to remember this, no one person has everything." He said, "We have a lot of things in common. We can do some work together." He says, "To you I am getting aged

and I am gray." "And," he said, "You are right on the threshold of life. You are ambitious, aggressive, and those are fine tributes." He said, "I think at one time I possessed them." "But," he said, "Try to be patient. Try to be tolerant. Make allowances for the other fellow. And you will get along all right." I then measured this man not only as my neighbor, but I measured him as a man who was wise.

George Smith then was a man of experience. He had come from a foreign land. He had worked as a farmer, as a builder, as a merchant, as mayor of Park City in its heydays, as county commissioner of Summit County, and then he had chosen to com[e] bac[k] [h]ere in the valley, of all places on earth, the one closest to his heart.

In our meetings on many occasions I marveled at the wisdom of Uncle George Smith. I remember once some of the most influential men of this community came into our meeting to persuade us to pass some prohibitive ordinances. I sat back by Brother Smith. He said, "Gentlemen, I agree with you people that your intentions are fine. We should do everything within our power to preserve the health and morality of our people." "But," he says, "If my experience has taught me anything, what you are asking us to do would not remedy the trouble. You would have all the young folks that are raised l[illegible] in hi[illegible] p[illegible] [illegible] un[illegible] [illegible] own t[illegible] S[illegible]lt [illegible] d I [illegible] one [illegible] se close to [illegible] ght at h[illegible]me wh[illegible]re [illegible] he h[illegible]re some pleasures [illegible] amusements

[illegible]." And [illegible] with him. I agreed with Brother Smith so often it was almost funny, because I have seen very few people with whom I could agree much more than half the time.

The manifestations of the glory of God, the teachings and philosophy of Christ, made this man a Christian gentleman. He was kind, he was tolerant, with understanding. He was a kind and devoted husband, a loving father, a good neighbor, a stalwart friend, a patriotic citizen, a good man. And if I knew how to couch words to pay a finer tribute, I certainly would do so. But I can say the full conviction of my knowledge of him and my belief, as fine a thing of him as I could say of anyone, here was a Christian gentleman.

When I left the home and went over to see father and mother, who are both ill, I told them I was going to speak. And mother spoke up and said, "Well, Abe, I hope you can say something fine, because you know your father and I both have felt that Mr. Smith has been a grand man." My wife wanted to come with me, because she also held this man in high regard, but illness has kept her at home.

So that is my tribute. But I want to say a few things that I think may be of some consolation to you here. I don't profess to be orthodox, but I do believe in the philosophy that this man accepted as being the best evidence given to mankind. I believe in the teachings of Christ. And I am expressing myself today because of remarks I have heard recently

by professors at the university, saying that in their opinion we got nothing from Christ that hadn't already been given us, even expressing doubt as to a hereafter or resurrection. When we are confronted with death, I believe we should try and think and analyze and philosophize to find hope and consolation. The teachings of Christ gave us that. But there are those who say, "It can't be true." "You can't prove it." But I say to you people it is the best philosophy. The doubters can't prove that there is not a life to come. So if you have as much evidence on one side as you have on the other-- You have the gospel to substantiate your belief in Christ, and you have the benefit of the doubt -- you have nothing to lose and everything to gain, because in His teachings you find hope and consolation, and therefore reason tells us to hope for life beyond the grave. When they say it cannot be, or we cannot understand how it can be, let me tell you good people that because you cannot understand isn't evidence that things cannot be or cannot exist. And to prove it, let me say there was a time when electricity was unknown. But through invention we got light by the turning of a switch. We have it, a gift of God, we might say. But what it actually is we still do not understand. And when we used to say, or hear said, "There will come a time when the voice of man will be heard over wires," the multitude said, "No, it can't be." When it was said, "In a few short years the voice of man will be heard around the world," the multitude said, "No, it can't be." But it has come to pass, and those things which the people of the earth could not accept or could

not understand are realities today.

For a better example, the natives of the South Seas, who had never left the tropical islands, when our first missionaries visited there, would say when told of this land, "It cannot be." They couldn't understand it. We all accept things primarily from our experience in life. The natives had never seen the green leaves leave the trees except when the trees were in death. They had never seen the water go higher, or they had never seen the earth mantled with snow. And when our missionary said, "In the land I come from we have seasons and we have a time when all the trees are bare. And then the earth gets warmer, and the trees start to get green again, and leaves and blossoms come and fill the air with fragrance. Things grow in abundance and we harvest our crops. And then it gets cool and cold and winter comes, and the trees are again bare, and the water, which is cold, becomes fixed and rigid and you can walk upon it. And then from the skies where we had the rain we have something we call snow, and the earth is white and soft beneath your foot." But those who had never seen couldn't understand, said "No."

So I tell you people the Christian philosophy is the best that has ever been given to mankind. Because you cannot understand or prove everything is no evidence that what it promises will not some day come to pass.

I have had those speak to me when we speak of resurrection say, "Well, that may be a pleasant thought. But [illegible] have been

dead." Then let us analyze what is time. Time is a conscious measure of the mind. Did you ever think that while we watch the clocks they seem to go so slow. And then the timekeeper is on the job, watching the men come and go and punch the clocks, and they may realize that time is passing slowly. But time is fleeting. The years come and the years go, and the tens of years roll by. To one who sleeps with pleasant dreams the night goes by as if the eyes were closed but for a wink. Have you ever realized that? You go to sleep after your day's work is done almost instantly, and if you were aware of anything at all, it is only had in pleasant dreams, and morning came just as if you had closed your eyes for a wink. To those who sleep in silent death there is no such thing as time. And on the morning of the resurrection, although they have been in the grave for eternities, they will arise as if they had only been in sleep for a night with pleasant dreams.

I can't help but think of my friendship with Uncle George Smith, one of the finest I have known between a man in years and one in youth. It has existed for twenty-five years. I was his friend and I think he knew it. He was my friend and I knew it. Friendship is not made in a day. It isn't a gift. You can bestow acts of kindness, but that in itself is not friendship. Friendship is a product, a product of acquaintance, of understanding, of tolerance, of reciprocity. It is one of the treasures that can be given by man to fellow-man. This good man loved his family, his neighbors, and he loved his fellow-man. He was a Christian gentleman.

May the meadows continue to grow green here in this valley, high among the hills. May the good people of this valley be uplifted and inspired by the inspirations and manifestations of God. And may you people who mourn be comforted, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

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JOHN H. PRICE: My brothers and sisters and friends, I realize that the time is very nearly spent, and I would just like to pay a tribute to Brother Smith. My tribute is, "There lies an honest man." I believe if ever there was one on this earth, Brother Smith is one. He was honest to his neighbors; he was honest to his friends; and he was honest to his God.

I guess I have been acquainted with him perhaps as long as anybody, unless it would be Brother Daybell, or maybe one or two others. Brother John Thacker. I am nearly 74 years old, and I don't know when I didn't know Brother Smith. I must have been a pretty small boy. He lived down where Brother John Simmons lives at the present. He built that place and lived there when we moved in there. He and father were neighbors. And when I say neighbors, I mean neighbors. They knew what neighbors means. They worked together the s ame as brothers. If a fence needed fixing between them, they went and fixed it and said nothing. He was in the butcher business there and father did his slaughtering and cutting of his meat for years and years. He would get up in the morning before daylight and go up to help brother Smith load up to go to Park City. And he went that way for years. When I grew up a little so I was big enough to work, I was generally the teamster to our place. I hired out to Brother Smith. I guess I would be maybe thirteen years old. We didn't get the wages we get nowadays, ten dollars a day. I got one hundred dollars a year and my board and lodging. I lived right with Brother Smith's family for the year.

And my business practically was driving the team to Park City. Many and many a time we have loaded in the afternoon and have gone to Brother William Davis's ranch and stayed over night, and would get up in the morning to get over to Park while it was cool. I was by there this winter and I saw the same old house which I slept in more than sixty years ago.

I am reminded now of Brother Smith being in the bishopric in Charleston when I was a boy. I was a deacon at that time, and worked with him. And when they say an influential man, that was Brother Smith. I remember especially one time they had a little disagreement with a man there, and they were going to do this and that with him, and they called the priesthood together. I don't know what all they weren't going to do. And Brother Smith says, "No, we aren't going to do that." He says, "We are going to give him another chance." And the Bishop said, "Well, maybe you are." And he said, "Yes, and maybe you are." He says, "We all are."

Brother Smith was of that characteristic. Yes, he was. If this world had been today like Brother Smith was we wouldn't have any war, I am sure. There is one of the finest men I guess that there was anywhere.

I remember as well as if it was yesterday when his wife died. Sylvan was the baby, and my brother's wife, George Price, they had a baby about the same age, and she took Sylvan and raised him, kept him until he was old enough so they came and got him back and took care of him. And Brother Smith paid money for it, and would have paid her twice over if she

would have taken it. He was just that kind of a man.

Now, I see the time is nearly four o'clock, but I did want to pay a tribute to Brother Smith, and I am thankful that I have this privilege of doing it. I say God bless his family, that they may follow his example, an example that he has set for them all these many years. I know that my life has been made better by his example, and I have always tried to follow it. I know I am not as good a man as he was, but I am just what I am. I pray that when our time does come it can be said of us, as I know it will be said of him, "Well done, thy good and faithful servant." I pray these blessings on all of us and do it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

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BISHOP RASBAND: I rejoice, my brothers and sisters, as I know you do, in the many wonderful tributes that have been paid to Brother Smith this afternoon. We loved him in our ward. He was one of the faithful members of his ward and one whom we looked to for counsel and advice at all times.

In behalf of the family, I wish to express their appreciation to you for your presence here today; for these beautiful flowers; for the things that have been said; for the music that has been rendered; and to you who have gone into the home of Brother Smith during his declining years and visited with him and helped to cheer him up; you who have taken things into the home that they were in need of, and the loving hands that have gone into that home to minister and take care of Brother Smith during his sickness. The family appreciate

it, and in their behalf I express their appreciation to you on this occasion.

We have been requested to announce that in going to the cemetery at Charleston that no cars attempt to make the trip to the upper part of the cemetery. It is quite muddy. If the cars will park in the lower cemetery, then the hearse will attempt to go as far as it can and then the body will be taken from there, and those who go with the procession will walk from the lower part of the cemetery.

Our closing song will be, "After Life's Sunset," a duet by Frank Epperson and Sister Mabel Moulton. The closing pray er will be offered by Brother E. J. Duke, and the graveside by Brother Joseph Olpin.

(At this time the duet sang, "After Life's Sunset.")

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E. J. DUKE: Our Father Who art in Heaven, we are indeed grateful that we have the privilege of being present on this occasion and testifying of the many good things and quality of this good man.

As a lifetime friend and companion, both in church and civic affairs, and even on the road in the early days, I want to testify of his sterling character and his determination to do those things that are right and proper to do.

I pray Thee, Heavenly Father, that his children may follow his example and the advice that has been

given unto them during his long and worthy life. And I pray Thee, Heavenly Father, that Thy spirit and blessing may attend us on to the city of the dead, that we may go in peace and return in safety, and that those that are here from afar may be protected on their journey home.

Be with us, Heavenly Father, and bless us with every blessings that would be for our good, which we humbly pray for at this time in the worthy name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

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(The services were concluded and adjourned to the graveside at the Charleston Cemetery, where the grave was dedicated by Brother Joseph Olpin.)

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